

JUNE No. 101

ANC



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COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

BLACKHAWK

10c

SEE THE
FLAME RAY
IN
SATAN'S
PAYMASTER





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BLACKHAWK

BLACKHAWK

PLANES WITHOUT PILOTS
CREWS! ON THEY CAME IN
WAVES OF DESTRUCTION,
OBEDIENT ONLY TO AN
UNKNOWN GENIUS OF EVIL!
IT TOOK ALL THE BLACK-
HAWKS' SKILL AND
COURAGE TO TRACK DOWN
THE SINISTER RULER OF
THE ROBOTS... ONLY TO
FACE THE MOST STAGGER-
ING DISCOVERY OF THEIR
CAREERS WHEN THEY MET
THE MAN WHO CALLS
HIMSELF...

**GENERAL
STEEL**

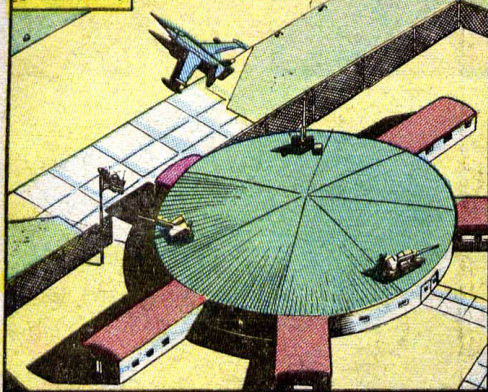
FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN,
KNOCK OUT THE CREW AND
GET THAT TANK STOPPED
OR TURNED!

LIEBER HIMMEL!
DERE IS NO CREW
UNDT NO CONTROLS!

IT BAN YUST
A YIGANTIC
ROBOT!



IN THE CITADEL OF SCIENCE THE KEENEST MINDS OF THE FREE WORLD POOL THEIR GENIUS FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF MANKIND!



IT'S PRECIOUS SECRETS MUST BE GUARDED NIGHT AND DAY FROM THE HANDS OF AGGRESSORS WHO WOULD TURN THEM TO EVIL USE!



SIX UNIDENTIFIED AIRCRAFT APPROACHING IN FORMATION! STAND TO ALL POSTS!

MOMENTS LATER...



JA!

OUI!

ROGER!

WHAT'S WRONG, DR. VANDER? YOUR EMERGENCY MESSAGE JUST SAID THE CITADEL WAS BEING MENACED!

IT IS, BLACK-HAWK! SOME MADMAN NAMED GENERAL STEEL IS ON THE RADIO, DEMANDING WE SURRENDER THE CITADEL OR BE WIPED OUT!



IF WE DON'T RUN UP A WHITE SURRENDER FLAG BY NOON, WE'RE TO BE ATTACKED BY TANKS AND BOMBERS, HE SAYS!

THE CITADEL MUST BE DEFENDED AT ALL COSTS! AS A LAST RESORT, YOUR RESEARCH RECORDS MUST BE DESTROYED!



IN THE WRONG HANDS, SOME OF YOUR DISCOVERIES HERE COULD WIPE OUT CIVILIZATION, DR. VANDER!

COME QUICK! GENERAL STEEL'S ON THE RADIO AGAIN WITH A FINAL WARNING!



---THE BLACKHAWKS CANNOT SAVE YOU! IF THEY OPPOSE ME, THEY TOO WILL BE DESTROYED!

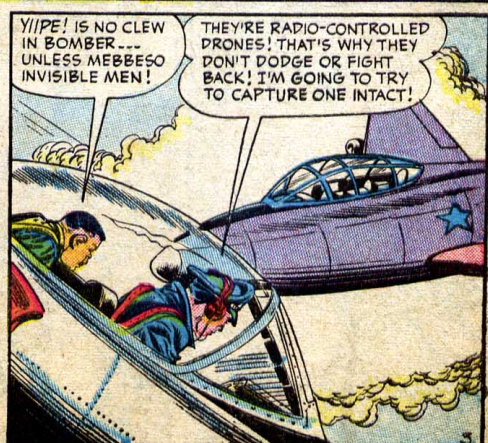
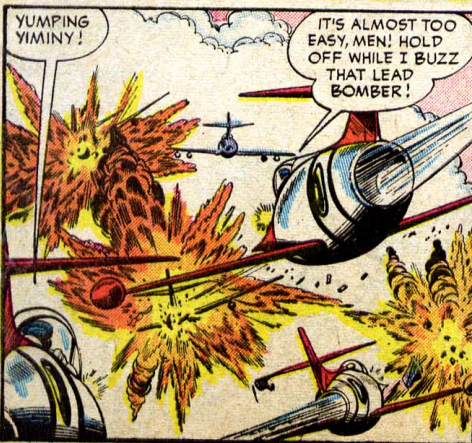
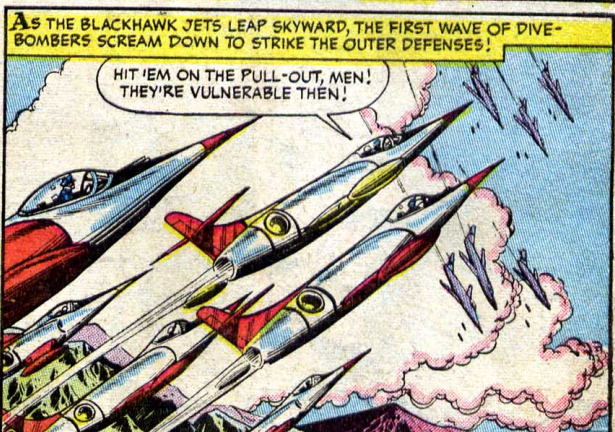
SACRE NOM! ZAT HARSH, METALLIC VOICE...EET EES NOT HUMAN!

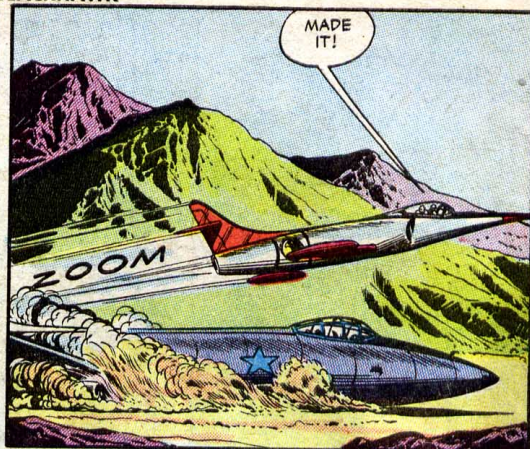


I CAN'T GET A DIRECTIONAL FIX, BLACKHAWK! HIS SIGNAL COMES IN EQUALLY STRONG FROM ALL DIRECTIONS!

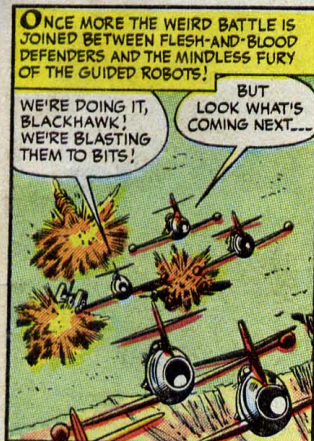
IF HE CAN DO THAT HE ISN'T. BLUFFING! WE'D BETTER PREPARE FOR THE WORST!



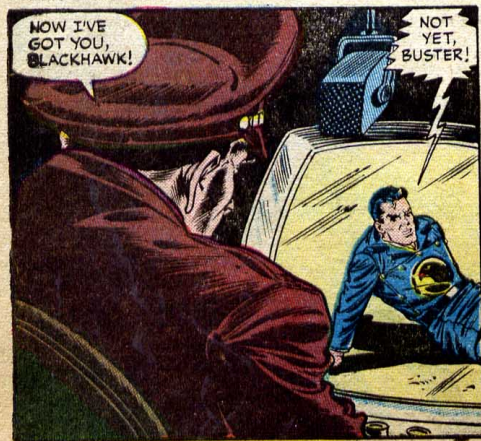




BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK





IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF MOMENTS NOW, BLACKHAWK! ADMIT I HAVE WON!

ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION! IF I CAN FIND HIS CONTROL FREQUENCY ON MY BELT RADIO, MAYBE I CAN JAM HIS SIGNALS!

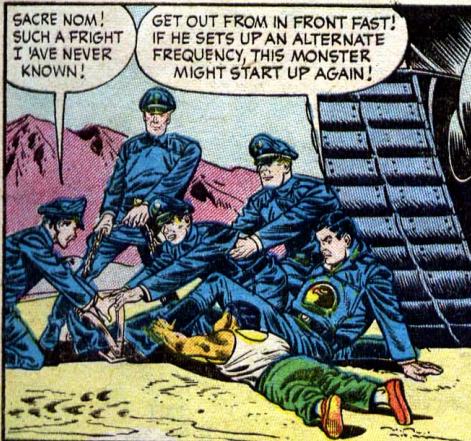


HE ISN'T USING REGULAR FREQUENCIES! THIS IS MY LAST CHANCE!



I HIT IT! THE TANK HAS STOPPED!

WE'RE COMING, BLACKHAWK! THIS MINE DETECTOR SHOWS WHERE THE TRAPS ARE BURIED! VEER LEFT, EVERYBODY!



SACRE NOM! SUCH A FRIGHT I'VE NEVER KNOWN!

GET OUT FROM IN FRONT FAST! IF HE SETS UP AN ALTERNATE FREQUENCY, THIS MONSTER MIGHT START UP AGAIN!



LOOK OUT, BLACKHAWK! WHAT IF DAS TANK BAN BOOBY-TRAPPED LIKE DAS BOMBER!

AS LONG AS I'M JAMMING HIS RADIO WAVE, HE CAN'T EVEN SET OFF A BOMB... I HOPE! STAY BACK WHILE I TAKE A CHANCE!



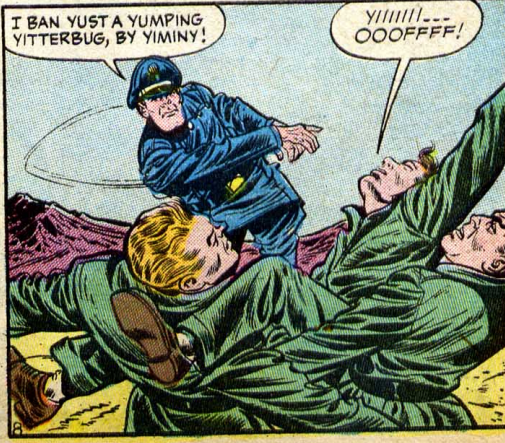
IT'S OKAY NOW, GANG! I'VE DISCONNECTED THE CONTROL UNIT! COME IN AND HELP ME HUNT FOR CLUES TO GENERAL STEEL!



HOLY SMOKE, THIS THING WAS DESIGNED BY A GENIUS! IT EVEN USES A NEW CIRCUIT THEY JUST DEVELOPED AT THE CITADEL!

BUT THERE ISN'T A CLUE TO THE LOCATION OF ITS CONTROL CENTER! I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO RUN DOWN GENERAL STEEL THE HARD WAY!

BLACKHAWK





COME ON, FELLOWS!
WHY SHOULD GENERAL
STEEL BE A WALL-
FLOWER?

MAIS OUI, BLACKHAWK! HE
EES ZE PARTNER I WEEH!
LATER I WEEEL ASK ZE SO-
GORGEOUS DR. LEZA FOR A
DIFFERENT KIND
OF DANCE!

SO WE MEET AT LAST! YOU
BLACKHAWKS TURNED OUT
TO BE EVEN MORE
DANGEROUS ADVERSARIES
THAN I ANTICIPATED!

SO YOU'RE THE MYST-
ERIOUS GENERAL
STEEL! IT'LL BE A
PLEASURE TO WHITTLE
YOU BACK TO BUCK
PRIVATE!



THAT WON'T BE AS
EASY AS YOU EX-
PECT, BLACKHAWK!
I'M CALLED GENERAL
STEEL FOR A VERY
SOUND REASON!

WE'RE CALLED
FIGHTERS FOR JUSTICE
FOR A
PRETTY GOOD
REASON, TOO!



IF YOU INSIST
ON FIGHTING,
LET'S GET AT
IT!

YIIIIII!

LIEBER
HIMMEL!

CRASH



ZEN ALLOW ME
TO HAVE ZE
FIRST---
EEEEOW!



OH-OH-OH! MY
KNUCKLES, ZEY
ARE BROKEN!
ZAT JAW IS
LIKE STEEL!

I TOLD YOU THERE
WAS A REASON FOR
MY NAME!



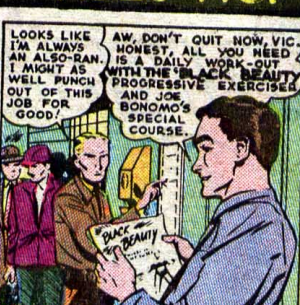
Y-YOU'RE NOT
HUMAN! YOU'RE
A ROBOT, TOO---
A FIGURE OF
STEEL!

EXACTLY! I HAVE NO HEART---BUT
I HAVE THE WORLD'S CLEVEREST
ELECTRONIC BRAIN! YOU SEE WHY
I CAN NEVER BE DEFEATED!

BLACKHAWK



How 'BLACK BEAUTY' TURNS AN ALSO-RAN into "VIDEO VIC!"



FREE
WITH EVERY COURSE
NEW 3-CABLE
BLACK BEAUTY
PROGRESSIVE EXERCISER
HEAVY DUTY

USES PHOTO-REPRODUCED METHOD

YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

SENT WITH EVERY COURSE FREE

DEVELOP REAL POWER INCREASE YOUR STRENGTH • BUILD YOUR BODY BECOME AN ALL-AROUND WINNER

WIN FRIENDS • GAIN POPULARITY • BE A SUCCESS

JOE BONOMO SHOWS YOU HOW!
Why grope in the dark wishing? Why let other guys run off with your best girl... steal that promotion from you... take away that position on the team? Now, in the amazing new 'Black-Beauty' 5-Cable Progressive Exerciser and Joe Bonomo's personal instruction 'Power-Plus' method you, too, can become an all-around winner!

SCIENTIFIC! AND HOW!
Wait 'til you see what fast progress you make to real power with 'Black Beauty' and Joe Bonomo. They're with you 'til you're "TOPS" in the field.

Bernarr Macfadden says:
"As an instructor in muscle building, you should stand at the head of the list. Many of your pupils already attest to your ability in building better bodies. I can recommend you most highly. Here's wishing you all possible success!"

Jack Dempsey says:
"I consider your 'Power-Plus' Course tops for all-around physical development — power, strength — endurance. The secrets and short cuts you reveal with your system of body development are miraculous and I cannot endorse your course too highly."

JOE BONOMO
World's Strongest, Most Active of the Nation, International Authority on Muscle & Strength.

COMPLETE 'POWER-PLUS' CABLE COURSE
\$4.95
including 'BLACK BEAUTY'
5 CABLE EXERCISER FREE!
(Worth 5.95 alone)

CUT OUT THE DREAMING!
Strongmen think fast... act fast! Now that you've made up your mind... do something about it quickly! Get going! Send your order in right away!

ACT NOW FOR FREE OFFER

STRONGMEN'S CLUB OF AMERICA
Joe Bonomo, Director
1541 Broadway, Dept. OM
New York 23, New York

Mail this "NO-RISK" FORM NOW!

Okay, Joe! I Rush me your 'Power-Plus' Cable Course including FREE of any additional charge, your new 'Black Beauty' 5-Cable Progressive Exerciser. I'll try the 'Power-Plus' Bonomo method for 2 weeks. If I am not 100% satisfied I can return it for an immediate refund.

☐ I enclose \$4.95 in ☐ check, ☐ money order, ☐ cash.
Send C.O.D. for \$4.95 plus shipping charges.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____

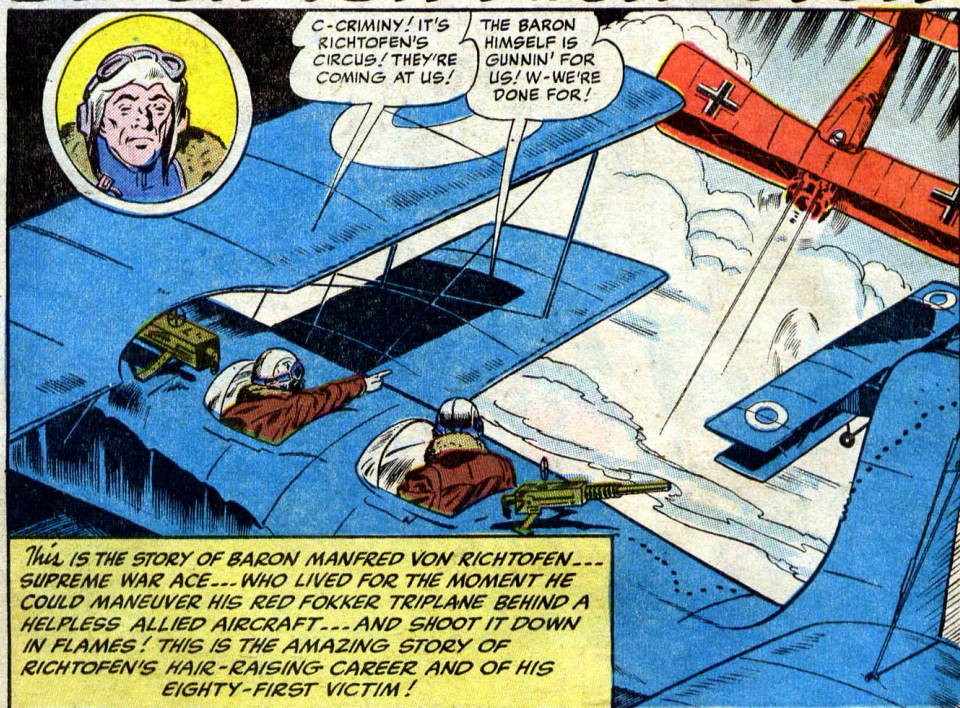
PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY
Foreign (Except Canadian) Add \$1.00 Additional

LOOK AT WHAT YOU GET!
This big action-packed 'Power-Plus' CABLE COURSE is literally packed with dynamite... every word batted out for you by Joe Bonomo himself. Many of today's strongmen paid \$25.00 for these same instructions as a personalized mail order course. You get it now for only \$4.95... including Joe Bonomo's famous 'Black Beauty' Progressive 5-Cable Exerciser as a FREE gift to you. Don't wait! Act RIGHT AWAY!

A FEW MINUTES A DAY

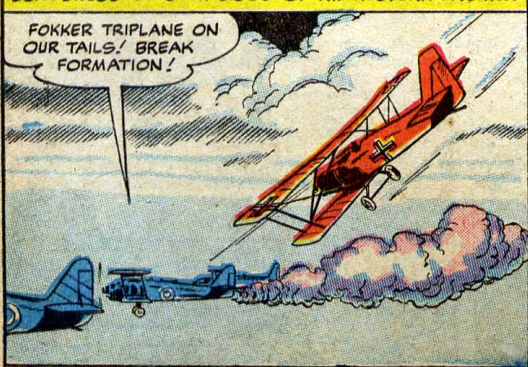
BLACKHAWK

The Incredible Exploits of *Baron Von Richtofen*

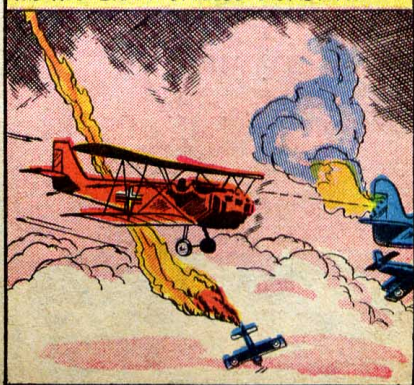


IT WAS EARLY IN 1917 THAT A FOKKER TRIPLANE, PAINTED RED FROM NOSE TO TAIL, BEGAN TO DENT THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF BOTH SIDES OF THE WESTERN FRONT...

FOKKER TRIPLANE ON OUR TAILS! BREAK FORMATION!



FOR FRENCH PILOTS, THE APPEARANCE OF THE RED CRAFT SPELLED DISASTER!



BLACKHAWK

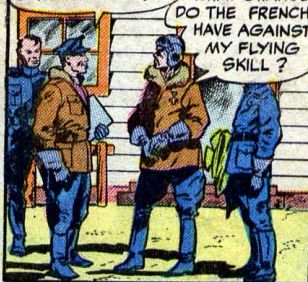
FOR THE FOKKER PILOT IT MERELY
SPELLED...

NUMBERS THREE,
FOUR AND
FIVE!



LATER THAT DAY, AT THE GERMAN
AIRDROME...

A MAGNIFICENT
DEMONSTRATION,
HERR BARON!
THOSE FRENCHMEN
DIDN'T KNOW WHAT
STRUCK THEM!



IT IS ONLY
THE BEGINNING!
IT IS LIKE THE
EAGLE DOING
BATTLE WITH
THE CANARY!
WHAT CHANCE
DO THE FRENCH
HAVE AGAINST
MY FLYING
SKILL?

BUT THE BRITISH DID NOT BETTER
AGAINST THE COLD-BLOODED
BARON!

DE HAVILLAND
BOMBERS! THEY
MOVE AS SLOWLY
AS CLOUDS!

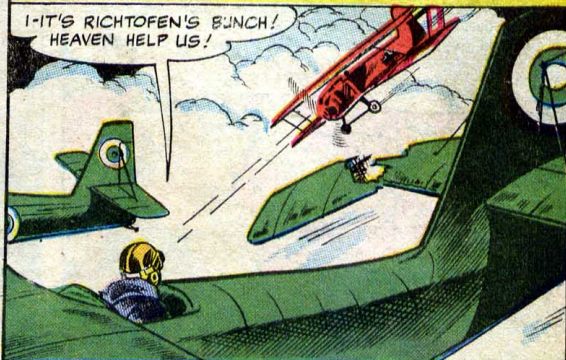


WHILE I MOVE
LIKE LIGHTNING!

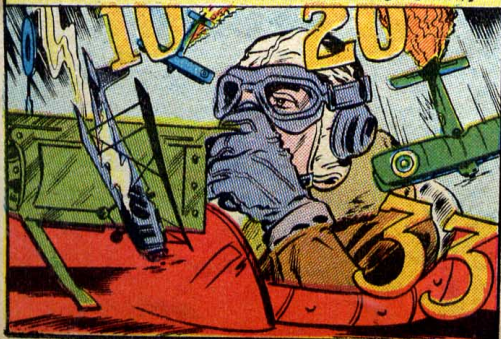


IT DIDN'T MATTER IF "LIGHTNING" STRUCK ALONE OR IN
UNISON WITH A SQUADRON! THE RESULT WAS ALWAYS
THE SAME! VICTORY FOR THE RED BARON!

I-IT'S RICHTOFEN'S BUNCH!
HEAVEN HELP US!



GRIMLY, QUICKLY RICHTOFEN SHOT HIS WAY INTO A
FANTASTIC LEGEND! HE CARED LITTLE ABOUT THE
KIND OF PLANE HE DOWNED! PHOTOPLANES, LIGHT OR
HEAVY BOMBERS, OBSERVATION PLANES, FIGHTERS...
THEY WERE NOTHING MORE THAN NUMBERS TO HIM!

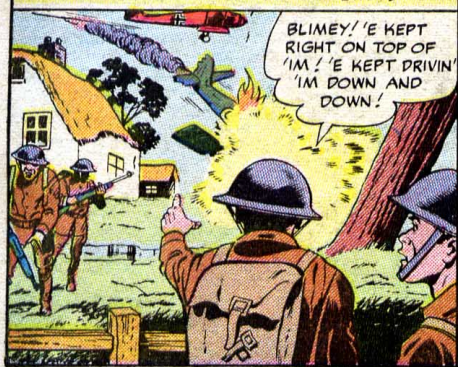


BY THE BEGINNING OF 1918 THE BARON HAD 47
CROSSES ON HIS PLANE TO MATCH THE 47
NUMBERS IN THE RECORD BOOKS! NEEDLESS
TO SAY, HE HAD BECOME THE IDOL OF THE
GERMAN AIR FORCE!

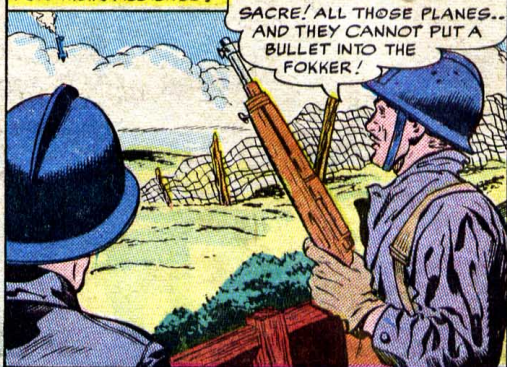
IT IS AMAZING, BARON!
BY YOURSELF YOU ARE DEPLETING THE ALLIED
AIR FORCE! IF WE WIN COMMAND
OF THE AIR, IT'LL
BE YOUR DOING
ALONE!



WITH EVERY DAY, THE BARON'S REPUTATION GREW! HIS FEATS OUTSTRIPPED THE IMAGINATION! ON MANY OCCASIONS HE LITERALLY DROVE HIS ENEMIES INTO THE GROUND WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT!



THE BARON'S SKY BATTLES BECAME GREAT, FASCINATING GLADIATORIAL CONFLICTS... WITH THOUSANDS OF SOLDIERS ON BOTH SIDES OF NO MAN'S LAND FOR THEIR AUDIENCE!



LIKE A CLEVER BOXER, RICHTOFEN CAME OUT OF EVERY STRUGGLE WITHOUT A SCRATCH!

I-IT IS UNBELIEVABLE, HERR BARON! NEVER ONCE HAVE I SEEN A BULLET HOLE IN YOUR PLANE! WHAT IS THE MAGIC THAT KEEPS BULLETS AWAY?

GENIUS, FOOL! AERIAL GENIUS! IT IS CHILD'S PLAY FOR ME TO TAKE ON THEIR BIGGEST SQUADRON!

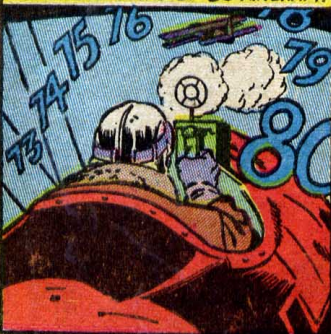


BUT FOR ALL THE ADMIRATION HE RECEIVED, VON RICHTOFEN KEPT STRICTLY TO HIMSELF, REMAINING COLDLY ALOOF FROM THE OTHER GERMAN PILOTS! AN INCREDIBLE LEGEND GREW UP AROUND HIM... THAT HE WAS UNSEATABLE AND IMMORTAL!

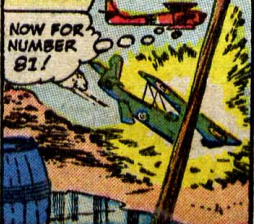
WHAT IS HE WRITING IN THAT BOOK? THE RECORD OF HIS LAST BATTLE! HE JUST SHOT DOWN PLANES 71 AND 72! I UNDERSTAND HE DESCRIBES EVERY ACTION DOWN TO THE LAST DETAIL!



DAYS AND WEEKS PASSED! THE BARON'S TOLL OF ALLIED PLANES STEADILY MOUNTED! 73...74...75...76...77...UNTIL IT REACHED THE INCREDIBLE TOTAL OF 80 AIRCRAFT!



SO MERCILESS HAD THE BARON BECOME, SO INTENT UPON FATTENING HIS RECORD, THAT THE GALLANTRY WHICH HAD INFUSED HIS FIRST KILLS DISAPPEARED! HIS 80TH VICTIM, FOR INSTANCE, WAS CRIPPLED! BUT HE FOLLOWED IT DOWN RELENTLESSLY TILL IT WAS DESTROYED!

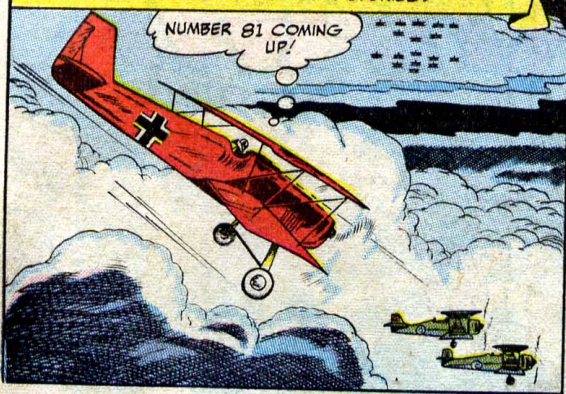


ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 27, 1918, THE RED BARON SET OUT FOR HIS 81ST VICTIM! FIFTEEN OTHER FOKKERS TOOK FORMATION BEHIND HIM!

TWO AUSTRALIAN PHOTO PLANES ARE REPORTED 15 MILES AWAY, TAKING SHOTS OF OUR POSITIONS! AT THEIR LOW ALTITUDE, THEY SHOULD BE MERE TARGET PRACTICE!



SO EASY A MARK IN FACT WERE THE LUMBERING AUSTRALIAN CRAFT, THAT THE RED BARON WENT AFTER THEM ALONE, FIGURING THESE WOULD BE HIS NEW VICTORIES!



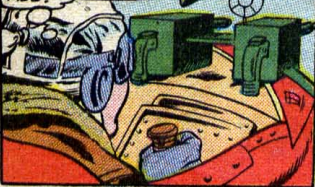
BUT A SQUADRON OF FOURTEEN BRITISH CAMELS LED BY CAPTAIN ROY BROWN WAS NEARBY! ORDERING HIS ONE FLEDGLING PILOT, A LT. MAY, TO STAND ASIDE, BROWN STREAKED TO THE RESCUE!

A PLAGUE ON THEM! THEY INTERRUPT AT THE WRONG MOMENT! THEY'LL PAY FOR THIS! MY SQUADRON IS JUST OVERHEAD!



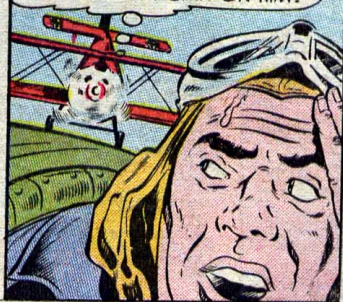
SIN A MOMENT THE DOGFIGHT WAS ON! ALL PLANES PARTICIPATED EXCEPT THE ONE PILOTED BY LT. MAY! IT WAS MAY'S FIRST COMBAT EXPERIENCE! IF HE JOINED IN, HE'D DO MORE HARM THAN GOOD! MAY, OBEYING CAPTAIN BROWN'S INSTRUCTIONS, STREAKED FOR HOME... BUT NOT UNNOTICED!

AHA! A JUNGLE! THIS SHALL BE AN EASY DAY AFTER ALL!

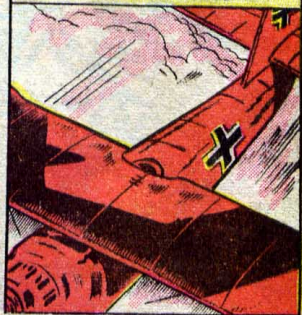


THE INEXPERIENCED YOUTH TWISTED HIS STICK THIS WAY AND THAT... IN VAIN!

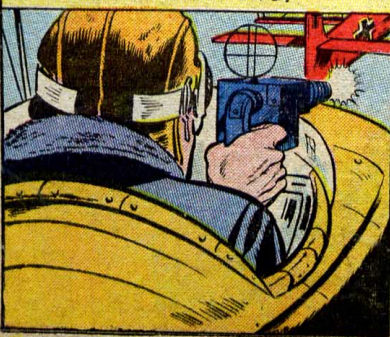
THE LITTLE FOOL! BY MOVING FROM SIDE TO SIDE, WHILE I KEEP A STRAIGHT COURSE, I CAN'T HELP BUT GAIN ON HIM!



BUT JUST WHEN VON RICHTOFEN THOUGHT HE HAD PICKED UP HIS CHEAPEST VICTORY A SHADOW PASSED OVERHEAD! CAPTAIN BROWN HAD STREAKED TO LT. MAY'S RESCUE!



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS BRILLIANT CAREER, THE RED BARON FOUND HIMSELF FRAMED IN SOMEONE ELSE'S SIGHTS! CAPTAIN BROWN PRESSED THE TRIGGERS OF HIS VICKERS MACHINE GUNS!



ALTHOUGH DYING, RICHTOFEN MANAGED TO LAND HIS PLANE BEHIND THE BRITISH LINES! BUT WHEN THE TOMMIES PULLED HIM OUT, THEY FOUND HIM DEAD!

HAIN'T THIS FUNNY? 'IS FUSELAGE... THERE HAIN'T EVEN ONE BULLET MARK ON IT!

SO WHAT? 'IS FOKKER WON'T EVER FLY AGAIN! THAT'S WHAT COUNTS!

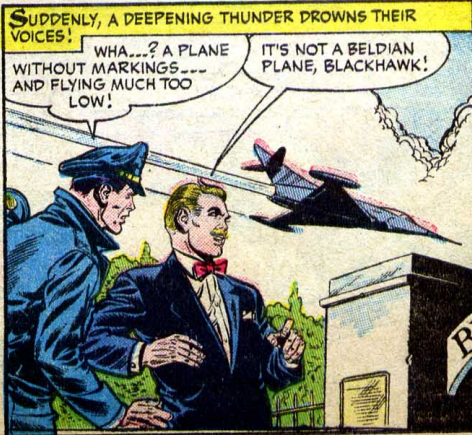


RICHTOFEN'S GREED FOR VICTIMS RESULTED IN THE FACT THAT THE BARON WAS HIS OWN 81ST VICTIM!



BLACKHAWK

BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK



THE NEXT MOMENT...

ACH DU LIEBER...! IT IS BOMBING US MIT LEAFLETS!



YUMPING YIMINY! I BAN WORTH 5 MILLION DOLLARS!

YIII! CHOP CHOP MUCH PLEFFER TO STAY WORTHLESS AND ALIVE!

WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE \$5,000,000 REWARD FOR ANY BLACKHAWK BY PRIME MINISTER



THIS--- THIS IS INSANE, BLACKHAWK! IT MUST BE A JOKE!

IT'S A JOKE THAT COULD KILL! WE'VE GOT TO OVERTAKE THAT PLANE AND MAKE THE PILOT TELL WHO'S BEHIND THIS!



SACRE BLEU! ZAT PILOT WEEL TELL US NOTHING NOW!

BUT THE WRECKAGE OF HIS PLANE MIGHT, ANDRE! COME ON, MEN!

BLAM!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT THE EDGE OF THE CITY...

THERE WASN'T A HUMAN PILOT! THE PLANE WAS CONTROLLED AND DESTROYED BY RADIO! WE'LL LEARN NOTHING FROM THIS DEBRIS!

WHOEVER WENT TO SUCH COSTLY LENGTHS IS NO ORDINARY CRACKPOT! SOMEBODY'S LIABLE TO TAKE THAT BOUNTY SERIOUSLY!



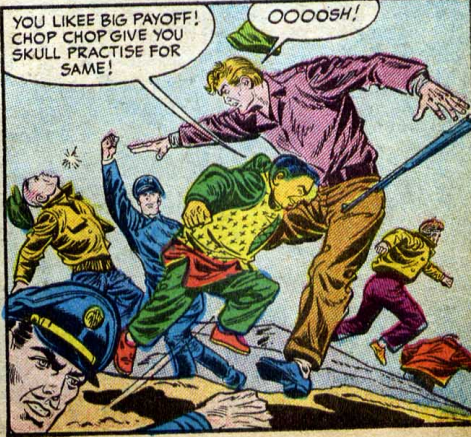
AWRRK! YOU'RE TELLING US!

THEY'RE WORTH 55 MILLION DOLLARS! WE'LL ALL BE RICH!



SORRY, BUT WE DON'T FEEL LIKE SHARING THE WEALTH TODAY!

WE BAN SHARE A YOLT ON THE YAW INSTEAD!



YOU LIKEE BIG PAYOFF! CHOP CHOP GIVE YOU SKULL PRACTISE FOR SAME!

OOOOSH!

BLACKHAWK





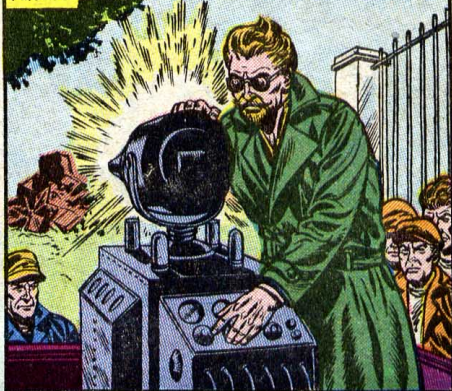
THE NEXT AFTERNOON IN BELDIA A STRANGE VEHICLE PARKS NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO BLACKHAWK PEACE PARK!



WHAT KIND OF A MACHINE IS THAT, MISTER? WHAT DOES IT DO?

WHO KNOWS WHAT ANY NEW INVENTION WILL DO UNTIL IT HAS BEEN TESTED? KINDLY STAND BACK IN CASE ANYTHING SHOULD GO WRONG!

SWITCHES SNAP... A HIGH-PITCHED WHINE FILLS THE AIR...



A MOMENT LATER...

IT WORKS! IT WORKS! MY FLAME-RAY IS A SUCCESS!

LEMME OUTA HERE QUICK!



... I TELL YOU, I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES! BETTER GET WORD TO THE PAYMASTER RIGHT AWAY!



AND WITHIN A FEW MINUTES...

THE PAYMASTER'S INTERESTED IN YOUR MACHINE, MISTER! IF YOU WANT TO GET RICH, STICK AROUND! THE BLACKHAWKS MIGHT FLY OVER!

THE BLACKHAWKS! I'LL BURN THEM OUT OF THE SKY! I'LL BE RICH... RICH!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON, ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND...

THIS MAY BE A TRAP, BLACKHAWK... BUT WE HAVE A TIP THE PAYMASTER WILL BE MEETING HIS HENCHMEN IN THE PARK TONIGHT!

TRAP OR NOT, I'LL BE THERE, BARON ZE!



AT SUNSET...

YUMPING YEPPERS, BLACKHAWK, I BAN SCARED AND YITTER! DAS SCHEME BAN TOO RISKY!

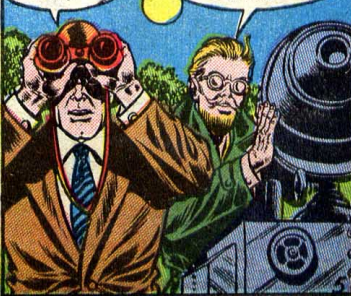
IT'S THE BEST WE'VE THOUGHT OF, OLAF! IF IT DOESN'T WORK, WE'LL SPEND THE REST OF OUR LIVES HIDING LIKE HUNTED ANIMALS!



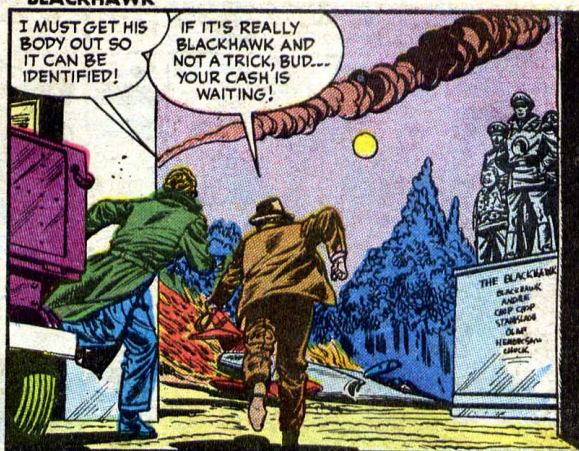
LATER THAT NIGHT...

I CAN SEE THE PLANE! IT'S BLACKHAWK ALL BY HIMSELF! THE OTHERS AREN'T WITH HIM!

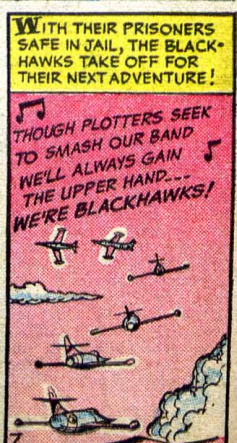
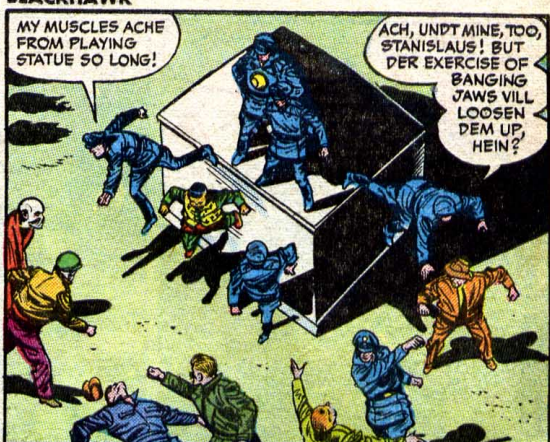
NEVER MIND! HE'S WORTH 5 MILLION DOLLARS ANYHOW! I'LL BURN HIM DOWN, THEN GET THE OTHERS WHEN THEY COME LOOKING FOR HIM!



BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK



ESCAPE *at* DAWN

"HIT the silk, Linc," shouted the pilot, and Linc Johnson jumped. He made the interminable drop before pulling the cord, and the camouflaged chute sprang open with a sharp crack as the wind gushed into it. Linc looked up to see the plane making a run for the border, a few scant miles back. He heard the ack ack guns go off and hoped that the game pilot had made it to safety.

A cold chill ran over him as he glided down through the night, aiming for the red earth of the satellite nation below. The events of the past weeks went through his mind in fast sequence. Linc Johnson was a newspaperman and so was Martin Rhodes. And they were pals. At least they had been, until Martie was slapped into prison as an espionage agent, in this Commie country. The same, stupid charges were hurled at him that had been tossed at other thinking men in a country of mental stagnation. However, Martie had made friends in the satellite underground before he was imprisoned and somehow, somehow, they had contrived to get him out. Now it was Linc's job, with the help of the underground, to get the emaciated Martie back over the border to safety. He was too weak to travel alone. The country was in an uproar since Martie's escape, and citizens suspected of underground activities were being picked up by the hundreds. Then Linc made contact and volunteered to get in, get Martie, and get out of the country in record time. If he was successful, a few lives other than Martie's could be saved, if not—

Linc made a smooth landing and hurriedly buried the chute before he located the road and set off at a fast clip into the nearby town. There, in the chapel of the darkened church, he was met by the gnarled, little man who silently led him down into the rooms below.

Linc was shocked at his first sight of Martie. He was lying on a cot in a fitful sleep. "He's aged twenty years," gasped Linc, as he stared at him. "He's been through the tortures of the damned," replied the old man. "But here is Natja, she will give you the plan. I must get back above." The door had opened to admit a darkly clad woman, her head hidden in a shawl. Linc's eyes popped when she tossed the shawl aside. She was a gorgeous blonde and she looked furious. "Mr. Johnson," she snapped, "Your plane was heard and already the secret police are scouring the area. We've got to move even faster than we had planned." "Listen, baby," exploded Linc, "all planes have motors. Did you think I was winging in on the back of a vulture?" Her eyes snapped as she replied, "Your pilot should have glided in to drop you and then started his motors about two miles beyond the town. Then it would have taken them time to discover that someone had been dropped here." She went over to Martie and shook him gently. "Martin," she said tenderly, "you must waken. Your friend is here and the time is short." Martie opened his eyes and looked up at the lovely Natja before he spotted Linc. "Hi, Linc," he said weakly, "you sure stick your neck out for a pal." "You'll have time to talk of friendship, if you live to reach the border," cut in Natja, grimly. "Now, here is the plan."

She outlined a daring dash to the border by car. A mile from the small border crossing the two men, disguised as farmers, would be transferred

to a wagon full of hay and drawn by one horse. "You must get over the border without speaking, since neither of you know enough of the language to fool the guards. They are shrewd and are always on the watch for trouble. Not one of them has ever joined the underground. She handed each of them a small, worn booklet, bearing several official stamps. "These will provide your identification. The state stamps are up to date as of today. Pray that they will pave the way to your safe deliverance."

Thirty minutes later, Martie and Linc were in the small car, bumping along in the dark. The little, old man was driving and he didn't say a word until they reached a small farmhouse, set back off the road. There, the two men quickly changed into farmer's clothes and were about to leave when a loud banging sounded on the door. The old man took the message and hurried back to the men. "Your parachute has been discovered," he said to Linc. "They are preparing an order for a new stamp on all identification papers, it will come over the radio soon." "Where does that leave us?" asked Linc. The old man shook his head sadly. "You must reach the border before the radio orders go out. We could never get this latest stamp. It is too late to hope for more."

Linc handled the reins on the wagon and Martie, hunched down beside him, seemed to be swallowed up by his clothes. "Hold on a while longer, Martie, we'll make it yet," Linc said, with a heartiness he didn't feel. Martie didn't answer. The sun was rising as they rounded the bend, the sentry house at the border came into sight and the two stiffly marching guards tramped back and forth in front of the pole gate that lay between the newsmen and freedom. Linc could feel the blood pounding in his temples. Had the radio warned the guards that new stamps must be on all identification? "If so, can Martie make it over the border, if I have to put up a fight?" mused Linc. He looked at Martie, he was asleep. No, he was unconscious. Passed out! Linc's mouth went dry.

The old horse clumped to a stop. One guard was in the sentry house, evidently eating breakfast. The second guard approached Linc, grimly. Just then the sound of the radio spouting early morning static, came out of the shack. The guard leaned out and pointed back to the radio, he shouted to his comrade. Linc heard the announcement. It told of the foreign criminal who had entered the country secretly. The snarling voice continued, "It is believed that this man is aiding in the escape of the infamous espionage agent, Martin Rhodes," continued the voice. The guard's hand went out, his eyes first on Linc's face, then on Martie's. He asked, "Asleep?" Linc nodded a numb affirmative. He came alive to wrest the papers from Martie's pocket and along with his own, handed them to the guard. Behind him, the radio repeated its warning. The guard looked at the booklets carefully, turning them over several times. Then he raised his eyes searchingly to Linc's. Linc couldn't breathe. He watched, in a trance, as the guard slowly walked over and raised the bar across the road. He motioned them forward. Linc flicked the reins, the wagon lumbered ahead. He turned when they reached the sign that meant freedom. The guard raised his hand in salute.

BLACKHAWK

BLACKHAWK



A SUDDEN, TERRIBLE STORM LASHES THE NORTH ATLANTIC INTO A SEETHING MENACE FOR ANY VESSEL UNLUCKY ENOUGH TO BE CAUGHT IN IT!

T-THE BAROMETER IS FALLING EVEN MORE, CAPTAIN! WHAT CAN WE DO?

KEEP THE PUMPS WORKING! THE POUNDING OF THESE SEAS HAVE BEGUN TO PIERCE OUR ARMOR PLATE!

C-CAPTAIN! LOOK! THE SEA...

T-THEY ARE LIKE TIDAL WAVES! WE'RE FINISHED!



BLACKHAWK

DESPERATELY THE WAR VESSEL STRUGGLES TO STAY AFLOAT, TOSSED LIKE A CORK ON THE MIGHTY, MOUNTAINOUS WAVES! HIGHER AND HIGHER IT GOES, LIFTED UP AS IF BY GIANT, WATERY HANDS....



SUDDENLY, THE VESSEL RISES INTO THE SKY! A WALL OF WATER LOOMS AHEAD...UNCLIMBABLE! THE CREWMEN SHRIEK! BUT NO ONE...NOTHING...HEEDS THEIR SCREAMS!



SO CATAclysmic IS THIS UPHEAVAL, THAT SEISMOGRAPHS FROM BOSTON TO PEHLI REGISTER NEW RECORDS FOR EARTH SHOCK!



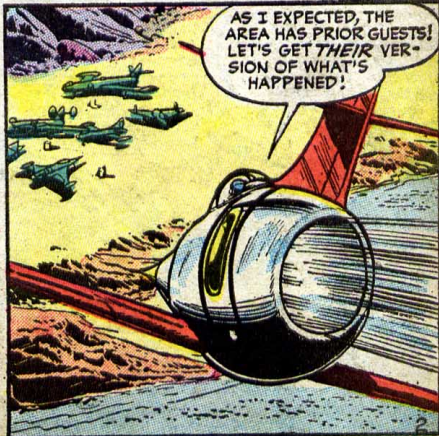
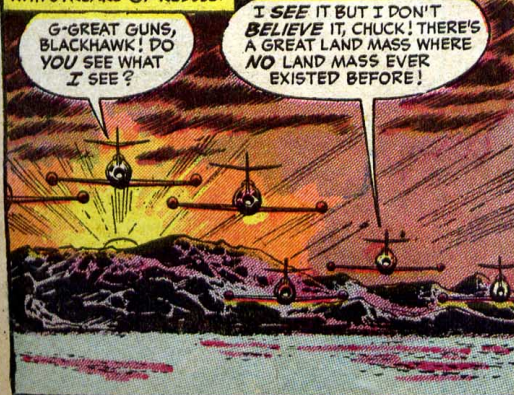
ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND, IN THE LABORATORY...THERE IS SIMILAR CONSTERNATION!

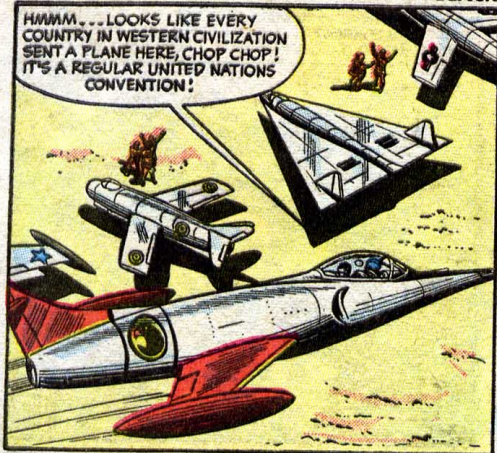


TEN MINUTES LATER...



HOURS LATER, AS DAWN TINGES THE NOW-PLACID OCEAN WITH STREAKS OF RED...





HHMM...LOOKS LIKE EVERY COUNTRY IN WESTERN CIVILIZATION SENT A PLANE HERE, CHOP CHOP! IT'S A REGULAR UNITED NATIONS CONVENTION!



...EXCEPT THEY DON'T LOOK SO "UNITED" AT THE MOMENT!

I SAY, CHAPS! LOOK WHO'S COMING! THE BLACKHAWKS! MAYBE THEY CAN SETTLE OUR QUARREL!

MINUTES LATER, AS THE QUARRERING ARMEN EXPLAIN THEIR DIFFERENCES...

IT'S THIS WAY, BLACKHAWK! THIS IS A VIRGIN ISLAND THAT'S COME OUT OF NOWHERE! LIKE ALL NEW, UNKNOWN TERRITORIES, IT BELONGS TO THE EXPLORER WHO FINDS IT FIRST! I GOT HERE FIRST...SO IT BELONGS TO AMERICA!

NON! ZIS LAND BELONGS TO FRANCE! I GOT HERE FIRST!

NEIN! I LANDED FIRST! IT IS CHERMAN TERRITORY!

I LAND FIRST! THE ISLAND ---SHE BELONGS TO ITALY!

HOLD ON, BOYS! THIS ISLAND BELONGS TO NOBODY UNTIL THE UNITED NATIONS HAS A CHANCE TO EXAMINE THE CLAIMS!

BIGGER AND BETTER JUDGES THAN YOURSELVES WILL DECIDE IF THE RULE OF PRIOR DISCOVERY HOLDS FOR THIS ISLAND! STOP QUARRERING AND REPORT BACK TO YOUR GOVERNMENTS!

SI! BLACKHAWK IS RIGHT, AS USUAL! I FLY BACK TO MADRID NOW!



THERE THEY GO...FLYING IN ALL DIRECTIONS! THERE WILL BE ONE BIG INTERNATIONAL SQUABBLE ABOUT THIS ISLAND, BLACKHAWK!

I HOPE NOT, CHUCK! THERE'S ENOUGH TROUBLE IN THE WORLD AS IT IS! LET'S GET INTO OUR JETS AND HAVE A LOOK AT THIS LATEST ADDITION TO THE EARTH!



SHORTLY AFTER, AS THE JETS ZOOM LOW OVER THE LAND...

IT BAN REMIND ME OF SCOTLAND, BY YIMINY!

NON, OLAF! ZIS TOPOGRAPHY IS LIKE THE VOSGES MOUNTAINS IN FRANCE! ZESE MOUNTAINS ARE 700 TALL FOR ZE BRITISH ISLES!



SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING...

ACHTUNG! WE ARE RUNNING INTO FLAK! VOS ISS LOS, BLACKHAWK?

PLENTY IS WRONG, HENDRICKSON! LOOK DOWN!

YUMPING YIMINY! A RED BATTLE CRUISER! NOW I CAN SEE EVERYTHING!

I DOUBT IT, OLAF! THIS SEEMS TO BE A DAY FOR SURPRISES! THE ONLY QUESTION IS... WHAT'S NEXT?



MINUTES LATER, ALMOST WITHIN THE SHADOW OF THE COMMUNIST CRUISER!

YOU'LL NEED A NEW JET, ANDRE! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU BROUGHT HER DOWN IN ONE PIECE!

BLACKHAWK! HERE COMES TROUBLE IN ALL SHADES OF RED!

IN THE NAME OF THE SOVIET UNION I CALL UPON YOU TO SURRENDER!



SURRENDER... BUNK! WHY DID YOUR ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS FIRE AT US?

BECAUSE YOU ARE TRESPASSING ON SOVIET TERRITORY! THIS LAND BELONGS TO RUSSIA! THE VERY PRESENCE OF MY CRUISER LYING HIGH AND DRY ON BARREN LAND, FIFTY MILES FROM SEA, PROVES IT!



WHEN THIS ISLAND ROSE OUT OF THE SEA, IT LIFTED US OUT OF THE WATER AS WELL! WE MADE CONTACT WITH THE ISLAND BEFORE ANYBODY ELSE! NOW SURRENDER...OR PERISH!

I GUESS WE OUGHT TO DO AS THE CAPTAIN SAYS, EH, MEN?



ACH, JA! WE ALWAYS OBEY DER REDS...LIKE SO!

CORRECT, HENDRICKSON! BLACKHAWKS ALWAYS MEET RED MIGHT WITH RIGHT... AND LEFT!



BUT AS MORE REDS DESCEND FROM THE CRUISER....



WE CAN'T GET BACK TO THE JETS! THEY'LL BLOW US TO BITS BEFORE WE'RE A FOOT OFF THE GROUND!

VELLY SAME THING IF WE LUN FOR THE HILLS, BLACKHAWK! LED GUNS ON CLUISER LEACH US BEFORE WE LEACH HONORABLE HIDING PLACE!

NOT SO, CHOP CHOP! NOT IF DISHONORABLE RED CAPTAIN COMES ALONG FOR THE RIDE! DITTO HIS PALS! TAKE HOST-AGES, BLACKHAWKS! THEN TAKE OFF!



MINUTES LATER, NEAR THE FOOTHILLS....

END OF THE LINE, COMRADE! AND A WORD OF ADVICE! WITHIN 48 HOURS THIS ISLAND WILL SWARM WITH VISITORS FROM 57 NATIONS! BETTER OVERHAUL YOUR HOSPITALITY POLICY!

NEVER! WE HAVE ALL LEGAL RIGHTS TO THIS ISLAND! LET VISITORS BEWARE!



HMMM.... THAT RED BULLY MEANS WHAT HE SAYS! BY A TRICK OF FATE, RUSSIA "REACHED" THIS LAND FIRST! THEY'VE GOT A TERRITORY IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC!

LOOK, BLACKHAWK! THERE'S A STREAM! LET'S LASH TOGETHER SOME LOOSE WOOD WITH VINES! A RAFT WILL PUT DISTANCE BETWEEN US AND THE COMMIES!



SHORTLY AFTER, AS THEY PROCEED DOWN STREAM....

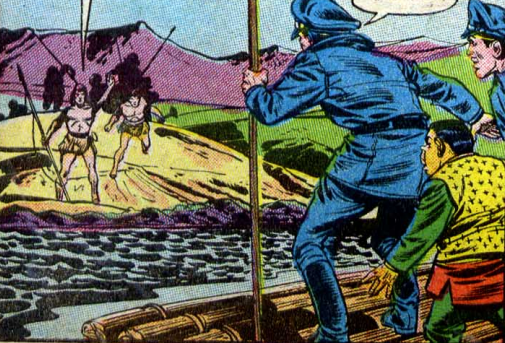
SACRE! H-HARPOONS!

DONNER UND BLITZEN! LOOK!



BEACH THY CRAFT OR THOU WILT SURELY DIE!

T-THEY TALK A KIND OF MEDIEVAL ENGLISH! HOLD, FRIEND! WE ARE NOT YOUR ENEMY! IN FACT, WE'RE OVERJOYED TO SEE YOU!



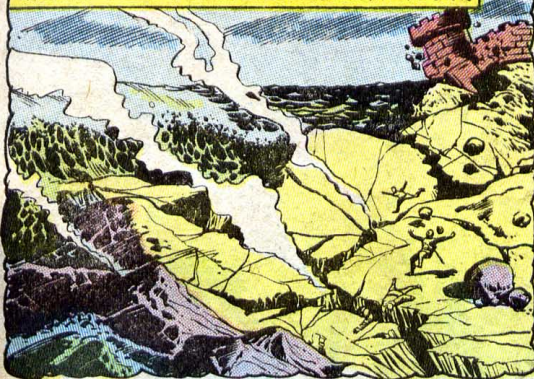
AS BLACKHAWK QUICKLY EXPLAINS HIS PRESENCE....

YES! WE SAW THE HUGE, IRON VESSEL THIS MORNING! WE HEARD THE THUNDER AND FLAME OF THEIR WEAPONS! ALSO, THE IRON BIRDS IN WHICH THOU TRAVELLED! WHAT *WONDERS* THERE MUST BE IN THE WORLD WE HAVE NOT SEEN FOR 1,000 YEARS!

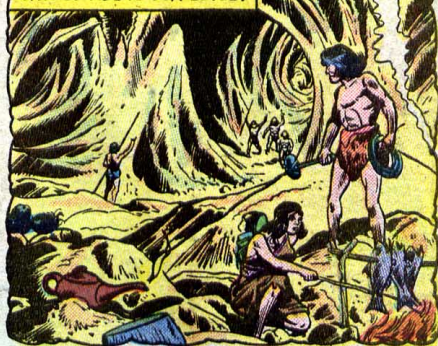
1,000 YEARS! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



WITH EMOTION IN HIS VOICE, THE FISHERFOLK LEADER EXPLAINS HOW, 4,000 YEARS AGO HIS FOREFATHERS HAD INHABITED A RICH LAND ADJACENT TO WALES! BUT A DISASTROUS EARTHQUAKE CAME AND CAUSED THE LAND TO SINK BENEATH THE SEA!



LUCKILY, SOME OF THE PEOPLE FOUND A SYSTEM OF SUBTERRANEAN CAVES TO WHICH THEY FLED! THEY BREATHED THROUGH A 300 FOOT NATURAL SHAFTWAY THAT BROUGHT AIR TO THEM FROM THE HIGHEST PEAK OF THE SUNKEN LAND THAT PROTRUDED ABOVE SEA LEVEL!



THE DESCENDENTS OF THOSE WHO SURVIVED LIVED ON IN THE SEALED-OFF CAVERN SYSTEM! AS YEARS PASSED THEY CREATED CRUDE DEVICES WITH WHICH TO FISH AND LIVE...

COME! I WILL SHOW THEE OUR CAVERNS!

WITH PLEASURE! SINCE YOU ARE THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF THIS LAND, NO ONE CAN LAY CLAIM TO IT BUT YOURSELVES! THE EVIL ONES WILL BE DISAPPOINTED!



BUT AS THE BLACKHAWKS ARE SHOWN THE CAVE SYSTEM, THEY HEAR SUDDEN CRIES AND THE SOUND OF SHOTS!

BY THE POX! SOMEONE HAS INVADED OUR CAVERNS!

I KNOW WHO! THE REDS MUST'VE DISCOVERED YOUR PEOPLE, TOO! REALIZING THEY'LL BE DISHED OUT OF A VALUABLE TERRITORY IF YOU SURVIVE... GREAT GUNS! I SHUDDER TO THINK OF WHAT THEY PLAN! ON THE DOUBLE!



ANY ATTACK MUST COME FROM THE FUNNEL OPENING! HERE'S A SHORT CUT TO THE SURFACE!



I KNEW IT! THEY'RE SINKING DYNAMITE SHAFTS WITH THE IDEA OF SEALING OFF THE CAVERN SYSTEM FOREVER! AT 'EM, BEFORE THEY TOUCH OFF AN EXPLOSION!

C-CAPTAIN! LOOK! THE BLACKHAWKS AGAIN!



YOU'RE A NICE PACK OF CROOKS! IF YOU CAN'T GET SOMETHING LEGALLY, YOU'LL DO ANYTHING ILLEGAL ON THE BOOKS!

S-STOP THEM! YOU HEAR? STOP THEM! OUR FUTURE DEPENDS ON IT!





IT'S TIME YOU FOUND OUT YOU HAVE NO FUTURE! NOT YOUR KIND OF FUTURE!

LOOK, BLACKHAWK! THEY BAN GOT REINFORCEMENTS!



WE'LL HANDLE THEM, TOO, OLAF! TELL THE CHIEF OF THE FISHERFOLK TO GO DOWN BELOW AND CALM HIS PEOPLE! TELL HIM THEY'RE SAFE!

I HEAR THEE, BLACKHAWK! THOU ART A GOOD AND RIGHTEOUS MAN! I SHALL NEVER FORGET THEE!



GOOD WORK, BLACKHAWKS! WE'VE GOT THESE RED CONNIVERS WHERE WE WANT 'EM! FLAT ON THEIR BACKS, BEGGING FOR MERCY!

I-I SURRENDER! NO MORE... P-PLEASE...



BUT SUDDEENLY, AS THE REDS SURRENDER, THE EARTH TREMBLES SICKENINGLY...

HIMMEL! VOT ISS IT?

MIRABILE! I-IT'S ANOTHER EARTH-QUAKE!

WAIT! DON'T PANIC! THE FISHER FOLK ARE REAPPEAR-ING!

R-R-RUMBLE

R-RUMBLE



AYE! I HAVE ARRANGED TO SINK THIS ISLAND ONCE MORE... BY VOLCANIC ACTION! WE WANT NO PART OF THY EARTH... WITH ITS WARS AND REDS! THERE IS NO EVIL BENEATH THE OCEAN WAVES!

BUT IS YOUR CHOICE WISE? CONSIDER! MOST OF THE WORLD CONSISTS OF GOOD PEOPLE!



TIS TRUE! FOR I HAVE SEEN THOU AND THY COMRADES AT WORK, BLACKHAWK! BUT WE HAVE DECIDED TO RETURN TO OUR LIFE AS BEFORE! FAREWELL, GOOD FRIEND! YOU HAVE A SHORT TIME TO ESCAPE BEFORE THE ISLAND SINKS FOREVER!

IN THAT CASE, PEACE BE WITH YOU! LET'S GO, MEN!



THE EARTH HEAVES VOLCANICALLY... BUT THE REDS GET BACK SAFELY TO THEIR CRUISER... AND THE BLACKHAWKS TO THEIR JETS! A HALF HOUR LATER, THE SEA IS OVER THE LAND AGAIN!

ALL THE REDS GOT FOR THEIR TROUBLE IS A DECK-LOAD OF SEAWEEED! THAT'S ALL THEY'LL EVER GET FOR PUSHING PEOPLE AROUND!

YOU LIGHT, BLACK-HAWK! CONFUCIUS SAY, LONG AGO... "EVIL TO HIM WHO EVIL DOES!"

How I Made a Small Fortune In Spare Time!

(WITHOUT SPENDING A PENNY)

The TRUE STORY of William Bergstrom of Illinois

IT STARTED WHEN JIM WHITE PULLED UP IN HIS NEW CAR

Hi, Bill!
Like my new car?

How can he afford
that on the salary
he makes?

I made \$88 EXTRA this
week, thanks to this
terrific Selling Outfit!

What's in there,
Diamonds?

No, but maybe BETTER! I'm a Mason Shoe
Man in off hours. You should see how
people buy these shoes! Look...
real AIR CUSHION innersoles!

GOSH! Can I make
money that way?

Jim told me Mason sends a Selling Outfit FREE and shows how
to make MONEY. So I mailed a coupon. My wife was thrilled:

Bill! Look... a real air cushion
innersole that customers can feel!

And look at this! Over 175
different styles! Dress
shoes, sport shoes,
work shoes... from
width AAAA to EEEE

I started with friends, relatives, people where I
worked. EVERYBODY wants comfortable shoes!

Just feel that cushion, Joe! Wouldn't
you like to "Walk on Air" all day long?

Say, I'd like
those shoes.
You sure have
swell styles... my
right size, too!

Soon the Mason people sent me actual sample
shoes, and sales came faster than ever!

Say, you have a larger selection
than a store!

Stores can't carry all the
sizes and widths to fit
every foot right.
Mason has 200,000
pairs on hand, so
I'm never out
of a style, size
or width!

My spare-time business grew by leaps and bounds.
It was a cinch getting repeat orders!

Hello, Mr. Jones (I've
been 2 months since
I've called on you)

Come in, Mr. Bergstrom. Time I was getting another pair
of Mason shoes. My wife needs a pair, too!

Never had
a shoe fit
so well!

I soon had a business that brought me over
\$3,000 EXTRA a year, plus exciting prizes.
I found real security

Bill!
a new toaster!

Didn't cost a cent! Mason gave it
to me. They give away thousands
of prizes every year. I've really
made a small fortune!

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For **YOUR**
FREE
Money-Making
Outfit!

What would YOU do with \$3,000 EXTRA income a year? Thousands
of men are making handsome **extra incomes** with Mason Shoe. You don't
invest one cent...ever. You need no experience. We'll send you a complete
Starting Outfit FREE! It features handsome line of over 175 styles in
smart dress shoes, sporty casuals and fast-selling work shoes...and includes
10-second Air Cushion demonstrator, Measuring equipment, Money-making
booklet, National ads...**EVERYTHING** you need to start making **big**
money from your first hour!

If you want to give yourself a **raise** every month—with a steady-profit
repeat-order business...if you want to be **your own boss**...just rush this
coupon TODAY to Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. MA871 Chippewa Falls,
Wisconsin. You'll receive your powerful **FREE SALES OUTFIT** right away!

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. MA871
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co.,
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

You bet I want to start making a small fortune
in spare time! Rush my **FREE SELLING OUTFIT**
with everything I need to start making money
my first hour!

Name _____ Age _____
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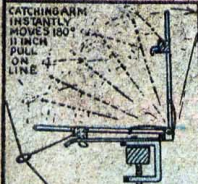
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Here's a real fishing pal for you—a clever new invention that catches fish automatically. Install one or more on your pier, your boat, a tree or post. Then walk away. Go to sleep. Do anything you wish. The moment a fish bites, presto!—Your Automatic Fisherman goes to work for you lightning fast. Its trigger releases! Hook sets in mouth of fish! Up comes catching arm. Like magic your fish is caught! Repeat this speedy automatic action over and over until you've caught your limit. Here's fishing at its best. Order today so you can soon catch fish this easy, automatic way.

GUARANTEED

SHUR-HOOKER is guaranteed to catch fish automatically as described or your money back.

The instant fish bites, trigger releases automatically which sets hook in mouth of fish. At the same time, catching arm flies up to make catch secure.



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☐ SHIP THIS ORDER POSTPAID. Enclosed is full amount plus only 10¢ postage for 1, 15¢ for 2, 35¢ for 6.
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